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To the Chrysanthemum.

Tossing thy blossoms in December's lap,
Pure white, bright yellow, or in purple dipped,
Rich and not garish, veined with crimson stripped
From Indian summer skies. Unchilled thy sap,
Though frost bediamond thee, or snows enwrap,
Thou laughest at the cold—thy leaves unnipped
Exhale ambrosial odors, such as dripped
From Dian's tresses in the chase, mayhap.

December's bloom! Light of the dying year!
Smiling sweet comfort in the wintry grief,
What dost thou tell us with thy balmy voice?
"Though the storm threaten, still I say: Rejoice!
Joy is eternal! sorrow is but brief,
And heavenly love with joy shall cast out fear!"

ARTHUR J. STACE.

Approaching the Yellowstone Park—the Paradise of Hunters.

The Snake River hotel is a model of its kind. It consists of a row of log huts, one of which serves as a sleeping apartment, another as a dining room, a third as a saloon, a fourth as a museum. The latter is covered with antlers of the deer and elk, and decked with eagle wings, brilliant feathers and many valuable furs.

In front of the hotel, seated on a log, a number of miners, hunters and trappers were enjoying an evening's smoke and playing with a pack of hunting dogs. As we approached, both men and dogs rose up to welcome us. One of our party chanced to be a perfumed dude, and during the exchange of introductory courtesies, the strangers seemed to observe him in an inquiring manner, as if viewing him from various standpoints. The dogs also approached him cautiously, and began by degrees to scrutinize him more closely. One of them smelt his pants,

wagged his tail and smiled; then he looked up the long leg as if he scented game at the top, laughed and walked off. The others approached and did likewise. Finally, the dude sat on a log, and one of the dogs hopping up on it, crawled into his lap where he lay in ecstasy. It was an odd introduction of odd creatures.

We were not long strangers here; no one is long a stranger among the hearty pioneers of the West. In a few moments we were busily engaged examining the museum, which is, of course, a product of the neighboring forest. Almost every species of bird and beast to be found in the Rocky Mountains is here represented—wolves, bears, mountain lions, skunks, badgers, minks, foxes, coyotes, woodchucks, deer, elks, antelopes, porcupines, pheasants, sagehens, swans, wild ducks and geese, eagles, hawks, curlews, owls, big sand-hill cranes and I know not what,—some mounted and others only dried, make up a portion of this collection. The saloon is stocked with an equal variety of articles. The walls of the house were covered with fancy poles and fishing tackle which, being placed at our service, we were disposed to accept; but, for a distraction, supper was called.

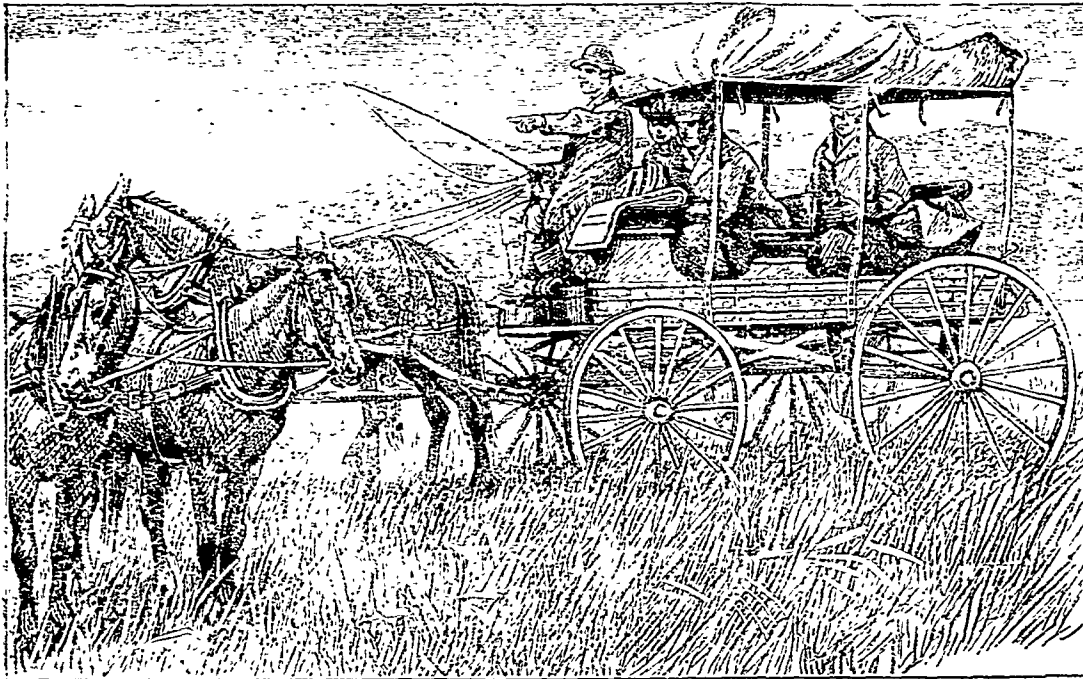
On the table we found fresh trout and a delicious kind of meat which one of the party sampled extensively, finally asking its name. "Why, that's elk," the hunter answered. "He came nosin around the premises here when I was at breakfast, and I went out before the house and shot him." The other men endorsed this statement. The hotels of this region keep a supply of elk or venison because it is cheaper for them than beef.

After supper we went out to the camp fire where the men were sitting on the ground with their dogs, smoking, spinning long yarns, and relating their adventures. The scene was ro-

mantic and picturesque: To the west lies an interminable plain, to the east a boundless forest, and between them the river—a stream of incomparable purity and beauty—glides tranquilly on its long journey to the desert and the ocean. The day's work is done, and these sturdy mountaineers, at peace with all the world, sit chatting contentedly. No jarring tumult disturbs their solitude; no sound is heard but that of Nature's sweetest melody. All is peace. The fierce rulers of the sky come gliding down from their lofty perch in mid-air, and while the gay choristers on every bough sit singing vespers, the great light of the world goes down majestically in the blazing West, sending forth, as he sinks, magnificent streamers as if to embrace the universe. These are the last best blessing which the departing father of the world extends to our mother earth and all her children. The shades of even-

groves, everyone remarked what a delicious fragrance pervaded the atmosphere. The odor of young pine boughs is of itself not unpleasant; but a thousand other perfumes filled the air, for this is the very home and heaven of flowers, and summer is one perpetual spring. All that lovely morning we drove through lawns and coppices from whose spangled carpet shone buds and bells and blossoms thick as the bright stars of heaven.

Flowers, flowers, everywhere covering the valleys, the hills, the mountains, a host of smiling innocents with sweet cherubic faces. In what profusion they spring from the fresh green earth, violets of every tint, bluebells nodding their little heads with cheerful greeting, wild geraniums that from their scented leaves breathe fragrance to the festive gales! Roses too are here—full blown roses in the first blush of youth; and



BASSET'S STAGE.

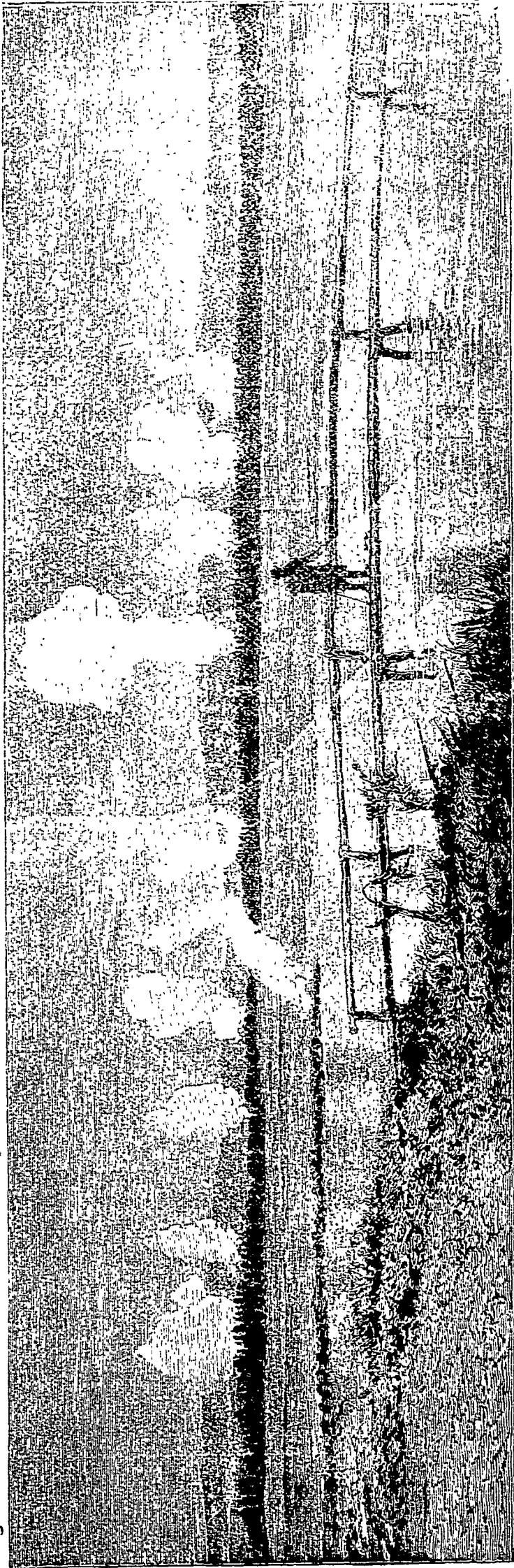
there on a bank of moss and ferns the wild flax waves its slender stalk of flower-ets; the umbrella lifts its spreading top beside the daisy; the golden rod, the sunflower, the humble dandelion display their yellow petals among the blue and the green. And here again what verdure, what a wilderness of floral grace and beauty as of some rich tropical savanna! The primrose, the yellow columbine, the gentian and brilliant purple lark spur, the gilia with silken tube of pink, the shooting star, the blue mertsensia and flowers of a thou-

ing gather over the scene. The cheerful gurgling of the river and the low voice of the winds murmuring their sweet story to the mighty forest are now the only lullaby. So dies the day in the wilderness, crowned with regal splendor, and a holy peace dwells in the air such as of old marked the Sabbath day of Israel.

The nights are very cool here, even in mid-summer, as was evidenced by a heavy frost in the morning. This renders the place very attractive to these fellows, some of whom have become so attached to it as to remain years at a time away from town or railroad. As we listened with attentive interest to their stories, they all pressed us to stay for some days to hunt and fish with them as travellers frequently do, but time forbade us that pleasure.

Next morning, as we rolled merrily to the east through pine forests, meadows and aspen

sand hues mingle their brilliant colors beneath the Orient banners, the plumes and gorgeous corymbi of lupine and cleome and glowing thermopsis and bleeding heart; while between them, like a flowery army, rise the peerless mariposa lilies bearing aloft their fair chalices of white inlaid with purple and the rainbow—rise and wave, a flowery ocean immaculate and fair as the Easter fields of Florida. The air is filled with incense and joyful music; with exultation and such loud carolling as rang through the earth on the first Sabbath morning of the world when every chorister joined the song of creation. From willow and aspen groves, from the soft bosom of flowery savannas, from hill and mountain-top and the blue dome of heaven, ten thousand clear, angelic voices, in celestial antiphony, ring with alleluias and wild native hosannas and the sweet warblings of *sanctus, sanctus, sanctus*.



This valley is a masterpiece of nature like that which bordered Paradise on the west; it is a fitting approach to the mighty park where spring the great rivers of the continent—the land of two ocean streams, the headwaters of the American Nile, the high and dread Olympus of the Indians where, above the clouds, are the great wigwam and council of the gods, the home of Manitou and the big storm king Kabi-bonoka the earth shaker. Here sleep the ministering winds, servants of his imperial household that at day-break speed joyously to the desert bearing to all life the balm and sweetness of mountain dew; away to the south stand his giant sentinels, the lofty Tetons, who for ages have guarded this citadel of the divinities; above, the majestic heavens look down benignly on this happy teeming landscape.

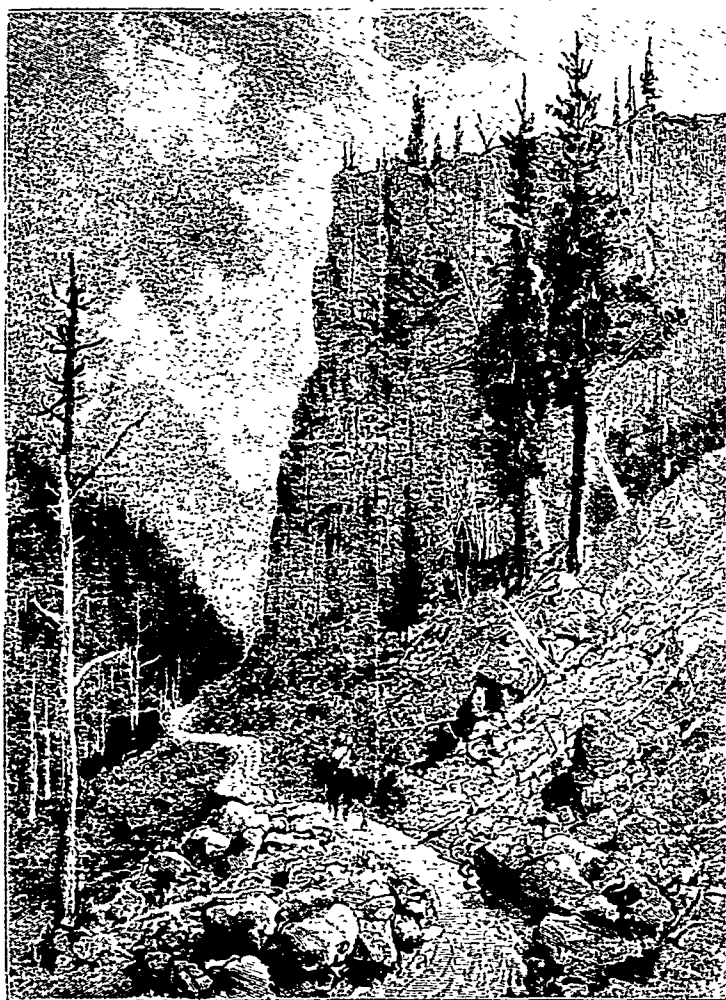
This valley is likewise known to history. It is the site of many an Indian encounter; the recruiting place of the early wanderers across the desert; the home of the beaver and the brave trappers of half a century ago; the camping ground of Sheridan in his journey across the mountains; the revel land of the fierce Black-feet. The only traces of those early adventurers are a few graves alone by the mountain side where, in the peace of death, lie reconciled the Indian warrior and the Christian soldier. An old log hut on the banks of the Snake, built by the hardy pioneers, and the immense beaver dams, now overgrown and deserted, testify to the relentless persecution that extinguished a valuable species. The streams were alive with beaver before the Indians began to hunt them at the instigation of the white fur traders; but now they are gone from this fair home, and nothing remains of them but their imperishable architecture.

We halted for dinner at Targhee Pass, a few miles from Henry Lake, at the place where the road runs over the mountain to the park. Here they keep venison, spring water trout, and delicious sweet milk for "them that hunger and thirst." The hotel manager will not eat fish from Henry Lake. He sees men there by lamplight every evening spearing for the market in violation of the law, but does not report them because they would shoot him for it, and he disdains to eat such fish because they are not of the ideal flavor. He is an epicure. Nothing will answer the demands of his fastidious palate but young trout fresh from the purest spring or brook. While he stands talking to us the flies swarm about his head by the million, but never alight. His face is coated with an alluvial soil which the flies at first mistake for molasses. We have

seen many mosquito-bars on the trip, but this is the most ingenious, cheap and effective. He has also an original way of fishing which might be denominated the dry process. The trout are abundant in a small stream by the house, and when desiring a mess "he just obens de lock and lets de fish und vater schvim out by de irigation deetch vonce. Vel about fife menutes dere after de vater been dried up already und de cheeldren pick de fish, zo long as mine arm, up mit dere hans."

The next specimen of humanity presented itself at the relay station on Madison River. Here an Irishman, after unhitching our team, led forth a spirited mountain horse, a high stepper that immediately began to exercise by placing his fore feet on the man's head and trying to climb him. The Irishman lay on the ground some minutes unconscious, but presently crawled from between the horse's feet with some bruises on various parts of the body and a horrible lump on his head. But he said nothing audibly, only reached up to see which side of the lump his head was on, and waited till Mr. Basset entered the stable. Then he fished out an immense club, took the horse to a retired corner and shook the stick at him significantly, saying: "It's a foine thing fur ye that Mr. Basset is out here to-day, bedad." But the horse threw up his head defiantly as if to deny the assertion. After this interchange of remarks, and a good deal more profanity, understood between themselves, the horses were hitched. The driver took the reins and said "get up!" whereupon one of the horses sat up, and the other stood up, away up twelve feet high and fell backwards. The occupants of the buggy immediately took flight and perched themselves on a high fence until the fiery steeds had finished their playful exercise and signified a willingness to march. In all justice to Mr. Basset I should say that this is the only little diversion of the kind we had, and that during the entire eight days' journey we invariably found both horses and drivers exceedingly urbane.

In half an hour we had puffed up the mountain and were winding through the dense forests so common in the park. The trees here are of the stateliest proportions and so numerous that a horse can scarcely walk between them; so crowded are they indeed that they can grow in no direction but upward, and they cannot lie down when they die, but must fall into one another's arms, and decay standing. The solid walls of forest make the road resemble a narrow cañon, or a street in Cairo. Mosquitoes can be found anywhere without searching; but they are a strange kind of mosquito; they have no voice. They come on without the customary serenade, and you are none the wiser until they have their fill and begin to yawn. Then comes the pain and



A RIDE THROUGH BURNT FOREST.

a swelling that lasts four days. They are never out later than eight o'clock, however, so that, all in all, they seem to be very a estimable species. As we rode along, chatting and boxing mosquitoes, a doe suddenly crossed the road right before the horses and bounded into the woods. The driver shouted "Hold up!" in a ruffian voice which frightened her; but our friend, the dude, seeing it, cried: "Ah, there!" and the deer stopped. As it stood curiously watching us for some minutes, the young man felt complimented, and exclaimed: "Well gee whiz! Blamed if she does not want to flirt with me, just like an Omaha dear." Some hunters affirm that the large

animals of Yellowstone Park know that they are safe within its limits; and when closely pursued fly there for refuge.

Finally, at five o'clock we began descending the slope that overlooks our destination—the wonderful Firehole basin. This is a great valley that looks white and bare as a brick yard, and on the other side presents many columns of steam which rise like distant whirlwinds on a desert, and mark the hot springs and geysers in action (*See illustration on page 203*). Through this valley flows the Firehole River, fed by hot and cold springs which keep it at a good bathing temperature, but render it uninhabitable for

fish. This is called the Lower Geyser Basin to distinguish it from the other basins farther up the river, namely, the Middle and Upper Geyser Basins which we are to see in the morning. The entire region is surrounded by lofty pine-clad ranges through one of which the river has cut its way westward. It emerges from the cañon as a large and beautiful stream, called the Madison River, which we saw some hours ago at the relay station. Had we followed its simple direction we might have come almost on a level straight into the park as through a gateway made for us; but there is not yet a road through the cañon, and the expense of constructing one is too great for the present business. It would, however, save a tremendous climb, and we hope soon to see a branch of the Union Pacific running along the present stage line through the Camas Meadows, the Snake River Valley and this magnificent and inviting gorge. This might be called the side entrance to the abode of the gods; the glorious Yellowstone Cañon being the main entrance.

After registering at the hotel we hastened to see the remains of an ancient geyser a few paces distant. It is a round white mound a few feet above the general level, and has in its centre a hot spring some two yards in diameter. This is evidently a filled-up tube which at one time spouted forth water from a great depth. It is now closed

with debris and the natural white deposit which is seen everywhere. A few vents run down through it at various places and bubbles of gas arise from them constantly. The water, which is but a few inches deep, is very hot and so clear that frequently greenhorns in attempting to feel the temperature stick their finger in too far, not being able to distinguish the surface precisely. Of course they then make a desperate jump, accompanied by the proper language and gestures, which are very amusing to all but themselves. There are also a number of other interesting hot springs in the vicinity, but they are small and insignificant compared to the host of monsters we shall see elsewhere.

The hotel is filled with tourists from all parts of the world and of every description: Englishmen from Canada and good old Britain, dudes from New York; preachers from Dakota and Mich-

igan; railroad men, professors, whiskeymen from Kentucky; geyser experts from Iceland, and the four corners of the globe; newspaper men innumerable; women and children, mashers and fair young maidens just from school—all roughing it, reckless, and without reserve. All go to inspect the old extinct geyser by the hotel and deliver their opinions and ejaculations; all visit the sloppy banks in the front yard where springs of every color and smell ooze from the scabby incrustated earth—great curiosities when seen for the first time, but curious only to the uninitiated.

Night has closed on this motley group gathered now on the verandas, breathing the pure ethereal atmosphere of this elevation, when suddenly a horrible smell pervades the whole community. The men recognize the mephitic odor



CAMP HOTEL, FIRE-HOLE BASIN.

and smile. Not so the women. They scatter perfume and cry "Oh!" And one of them, a Boston school ma'am, wiser than the rest, observes: "Why, dear me! What a horrid smell! I can't bear these sulphur springs!" Presently a boy comes running from the rear of the kitchen in tears bewailing the loss of his third suit of clothes ruined by "that nasty band of skunks."

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture by the lonely shore,
There is society; etc.

The hotel consists of a number of houses scattered about conveniently, some of which are well built of matched lumber, while others are made of coarse, unplanned boards nailed vertically and lapped to render them waterproof. The insides are not plastered, but tastefully covered with paper and otherwise decorated. These little touches and the general neatness

indicate that the place is not conducted by men alone. In spite of the rude external appearances, we found here all the comforts and hospitality of an elegant people.

A. F. Z.

The French Drama.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

VII.

RACINE.

John Racine was born in the year 1639 of a noble family whose escutcheon bore the figure of a swan. He lost his parents when four years of age, and was raised by his grandfather, and later on sent to college in Beauvais to learn Latin. But the war of the Fronde broke out in the meantime and soon spread through the provinces. The students themselves took part in it and fought in their yards for or against Mazarin. In one of these conflicts young Racine received on his forehead a severe blow, and the glorious scar remained for life, a proof of bravery.

From Beauvais he went to Port-Royal in the school of those illustrious solitaries whose learning and piety became, under Louis XIV, not less renowned than their glory and misfortunes. There he devoted himself to the study of Greek with such success as to excite the admiration of his teacher, the learned Lancelot. A little Greek novel, entitled "Theagenes and Chariclea," fell into his hands; but his professor, who recommended the reading of tragedies, forbade novels. The book, therefore, was confiscated. Racine, of course, procured another copy, and, after learning it by heart, handed it to his master with a smile. But while the latter congratulated himself on his pupil's docility, Racine was dreaming of a drama on the same subject. At the same time, the muse of poetry having taken possession of his mind, led him to take a different way, and the youth tested his strength in descriptive writing by celebrating the retreat of Port-Royal. Assuredly in a poet of fourteen it would have been difficult to divine the genius of Racine; still, even these verses showed that his ear was sensible to the charms of harmony. This was, however, a kind of merit very little appreciated by the stern recluses of Port-Royal.

After studying under their direction for about three years the Greek and the Latin literature, Racine went to Paris to learn logic in Harcourt College. But there again he wrote verses and preferred poetry to Scholastic Philosophy. On the occasion of the king's marriage he composed

an ode entitled "The Nymph of the Seine," which was rewarded by Chapelain's praises and some favors from the court. For a sonnet in honor of Mazarin he was blamed by his masters, who, in the hope of curing his poetical mania, sent him to one of his uncles, a canon of Languedoc, whom he might expect to succeed. But in southern France he spent his time with "his uncle, St. Thomas and Virgil," Virgil especially; and in order not to forget the French language among countrymen who spoke it so poorly, he wrote letters to his friend La Fontaine and his cousin Mademoiselle Vitart. In these shine the first sparks of sarcastic wit amid pretentious expressions of tender feelings. Besides, as a pastime, he composed a poem on the "Bains de Vénus"—a topic little suitable for a future canon—and sketched a drama on "Theagenes and Chariclea," one of his college dreams.

Seeing, afterwards, that the "benefice" which he expected was too slow in coming, he returned to Paris, determined to become a poet at the risk of never being a canon. With his tragedy in his pocket he called on Molière, who was patient enough to listen to it even to the end. If Molière had been merely a comedian, he would simply have refused the work, and all would be over: the youthful poet would have returned to his uncle's house, and France would never have been illustrated by the genius of Racine. But Molière, by a sublime instinct, divined the treasure hidden in his young friend, and while condemning his work, gave him wise counsel, a plan for a new drama and twenty-five pounds. After a few weeks of labor, Racine brought "The Thebaid"—a tragedy of doubtful merit, but superior to all the other compositions of the time, those of Corneille excepted.

A friend of Molière and La Fontaine, Racine soon made the acquaintance of Boileau. He had composed a new ode entitled "La Renommée aux Muses," which the king had liberally rewarded by an annual pension of six hundred pounds. But this work having been criticised by Boileau, its author found the remarks so judicious and, at the same time, delicate, that he at once recognized in the critic the friend whom he needed. From this day began between them an intimacy that was never to be broken. The satirist became for his pupil what a prop is for an arbut: he forced him to grow straight up to heaven.

From "The Thebaid" to "Alexander" a marked progress in versification is noticeable: still, the latter is not, as a whole, better than the former. Therefore it is not surprising that Corneille whom Racine consulted frankly an-

swered: "My young friend, you have a great talent for poetry, but none for tragedy." Doubtless, in thus speaking Corneille proved to be a false prophet; but he was neither an unjust judge nor a treacherous adviser. Actuated by sincerity and loyalty of criticism, rather than by the fear of a rival, he kindly induced Racine to apply his poetical abilities to different kinds of composition, but the client perhaps did not return all the gratitude his patron deserved. At any rate, "Alexander" was a success, and Saint-Evremont, then known as an eminent critic, wrote on that occasion "that he was no longer alarmed at Corneille's old age, for the French drama will not be buried in his grave." It is also in his *critique* of the same play that, while foretelling in Racine a worthy successor of Corneille, he blamed the former for having made French courtiers out of his heroes—a reproach which Voltaire repeated in verse, and has been since re-echoed by all the organs of criticism.

But there is in "Alexander" another defect greater than that of having changed the Macedonian conqueror into a refined nobleman of the XVIIth century. It is the fact that the spectators have continually before their eyes two heroes, equally admirable, who weaken the interest by dividing the attention. *Alexander* represents generosity in victory, and *Porus* dignity in defeat; at the sight of these two noble characters we are puzzled, not knowing which of them to admire the more. To this want of unity, which impairs the whole action, should we not add a much more conspicuous defect, by which the general impression is considerably diminished? We mean to say that medley of intrigues, that too complicated net of rival love-affairs thrown at random through an historical event so prominent as is the conquest of the Indian empire by the audacious son of Philip. There are a few great men, such as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and that other giant of our day whose extraordinary fortune made us realize theirs, who hold in the pages of history too large a place to reduce possibly their vast achievements to the meagre proportions of a trivial love-affair. This is, indeed, too narrow a frame to admit of these grand figures displaying themselves in all their boundless sublimity, and but the powerful imagination of Shakspeare would be equal to such a gigantic task.

Corneille was certainly struck by that lack of art, which he himself did not sufficiently avoid in the "Mort de Pompée." And if he deemed it right to infer that Racine would never be a tragic poet, what would have been his surprise when he saw "Andromaque" repre-

sented? After "Andromaque," each tragedy written by Racine is worthy of special examination. But besides that, a work of the kind would be too long. It is not by a dry and cold analysis, however exact it may be, that the ideal beauty of such masterpieces can be properly appreciated, since their representation on the stage can hardly give us a glimpse of their sublime perfection.

The "Andromaque" presents us with the most touching model of maternal tenderness and conjugal piety. The only consolation of that unfortunate queen is to mourn on the tomb of her husband; her only joy to embrace her son. And yet, it depended but on her to become queen of Epirus, and exchange her fetters for a crown. But Hector's widow cannot be untrue to his memory, and the instant when, in order to save her son's life, she will marry Pyrrhus, is to be that of her death. Never did the devotion of a mother for her child shine with a more passionate character. Able to save her son without betraying her husband, she will die happy. She is really the Andromache glorified by Homer, if not the one embellished by Euripides. In Racine's play she appears such as depicted in the "Iliad," on the day when Hector, ready to fight with Achilles, bade her adieu and entrusted Astyanax to her. As a contrast to that tender and devoted mother stands the haughty and fierce *Hermione*. Betrayed and forsaken by the ungrateful one whom she still loves, she passes constantly from the hope of bringing him back to the desire of punishing him. A terrible struggle rages within her heart; she adores *Pyrrhus*, whilst declaring that she hates him; she hates *Orestes*, whom she feigns to love; and when, in a fit of despair, she has given to the prince whom she detests the order to kill her lover, she overwhelms with her wrathful insults the wretched executor of her too rash command. This is certainly an example of tragic pathos in all its beauty and horror. Finally, *Orestes*, already stricken by the inevitable Fates, who loves without being loved in return, how tender is he in his resignation, how ardent in his hopes, how noble in his refusals, how touching in his submission, but how terrible in his despair and sublime in his remorse!

Love is the only passion which breathes throughout the drama and, as it were, throws fire upon all the situations. *Orestes* loves *Hermione*, who loves *Pyrrhus*; *Pyrrhus* himself loves *Andromache*, whose heart remains faithful to her dear *Hector*. Through that mazy conflict of loves, which cross and injure one another, the poet leads the spectators from emotion to emo-

tion without allowing them to stop or think. The various scenes are so well connected, so harmoniously combined that the appearance of each character seems to be like to a *coup de théâtre*. Doubtless it is the climax of art to produce such effects without ever being contrary to nature or truthfulness. Still, the immense progress achieved by Racine in writing "Andromaque" consisted less in the composition or plan of the drama itself than in the energy of passions and the perfection of style.

It seems that a poet who, when scarcely twenty-four years old, composed "Andromaque" should be gifted with a grave, pathetic mind and a melancholy humor. But, strange contradiction! such was the character of Molière's mind and genius: the author of so many amusing comedies was surnamed by his friends "the contemplator." Racine, on the contrary, though endowed with the tenderest sensibility, had an almost irresistible inclination to raillery, of which he gave a striking illustration in "Les Plaideurs." A very complicated lawsuit, which he had to sustain—but lost, on account of a "benefice" hereditary in his family,—excited his ire against judges and lawyers, so much so that Molière might have feared to meet in the youthful rival of Corneille a formidable competitor. Most worthy of Molière, indeed, is that play, owing to the energy of characters, the sprightliness of dialogue and the vivacity of style. Perhaps there is no comedy of Molière that contains a greater number of those lines, stamped with the coin of genuine pleasantry and impressing themselves on the memory which became at once popular sayings. And yet, if we mistake not, the "Plaideurs" are wanting in the principal merit which distinguishes Molière's compositions, viz., truthfulness to nature. All the characters are really too witty. It is almost always the poet himself who speaks and indulges his mocking and satirical talent, without thinking in the least by what hands his arrows are directed against the inmates of the court-house. The result of his exertion is a multitude of admirable verses, but these pertain to satire rather than to genuine comedy, and when they are heard from the stage; those *bon mots* in the long run dazzle the eyes and blunt the ears of the spectators, as fireworks fatigue the by-standers by their continuous effulgence.

It is claimed that most of the characters were portraits of real living persons, and that the friends of Racine supplied him with many a scene which they had actually witnessed and in which some of them had perhaps taken part. Still, the dialogue itself, however pointed it

may be, appears too refined to be probable, and this explains why the reading of the play affords more pleasure than its representation. One feels inclined to smile at over-nice witticism at the fireside, rather than to laugh heartily at it from the seat of a theatre. Nevertheless, this comedy, if it be one, greatly amused Louis XIV and his court. Molière himself openly declared that those who try to make fun of it deserved themselves to be turned into ridicule. In short, we believe that the public of the time, who coldly received that debauchery of witticism—as we do ourselves nowadays,—were not altogether wrong whilst they are to be severely blamed for having hesitated to approve the tragedy that followed. "Britannicus" belongs wholly to Racine; for, although he had at his disposal a few lines of Tacitus, the whole plot arose from the depth of his fruitful genius. This masterpiece of the French stage was not worthily appreciated by the so-called *connoisseurs*, and especially by the "formidable bench" of contemporaneous authors. Notwithstanding the envious criticism of a petty *clique*, "Britannicus" ought to be placed on the same plane with the "Misanthrope," and the false judgment of ill-minded rivals will never prevail against the sincere admiration of posterity.

Apart from the dramatic interest, this tragedy presents us with an historical picture worthy of Tacitus's pen; and Racine, not less than he, can rightly be called the "greatest painter of antiquity." Rome under Nero comes to life again in the poet's work with even more energy than does Rome under Augustus in the "Cinna" of Corneille. And there is not perhaps on the stage a character more forcibly conceived, nor more deeply developed, than that of the bloodthirsty tyrant-clown, "whose name shall be to the future ages the most cruel injury to the fiercest despots." To the invectives and imprecations wherewith his mother overwhelms him after his crime, Nero answers but by these words: "Follow me, Narcissus"; the last trait of character which foretells what Agrippina can expect from her son, Burrhus from his pupil and Rome from its master. This simple phrase, sublime in its terseness, can be but the result of profound reflection and a thorough knowledge of the human heart. Might we not say that Corneille met the sublime by a happy accident of good fortune, whilst Racine kept it on hand to make use of it when needed?

Racine never spent less than one year writing a tragedy, nor did he give it to the public before it had been subjected to the criticism of his friend Boileau, who was very seldom blinded

by friendship. Some would pretend that Racine's genius was thwarted by the critic's severity, and that the perfection of his poetry lessened its greatness. But can we believe that imperfection is a condition of greatness, so that, if a poet were less accurate, his work would be of higher worth? As a matter of fact, the art of versifying never appeared more charming than in "Bérénice," whose subject, at once simple and touching, was proposed at the same time to Corneille and Racine by Madam Henriette of England. The idea of it is contained in these lines of Suetonius: "Titus, who loved passionately Queen Bérénice, and even more, had promised to marry her, sent her away from Rome, in spite of himself, a few days after he had become Emperor."

Voltaire, though a sincere admirer of Racine, maintains that "Bérénice is no tragedy." Its action, doubtless, is so simple that it cannot be analyzed; but still, after reading it, we must endorse the opinion of Racine himself:

"There are some who think that this simplicity is a proof of little invention. But they should not forget that invention consists in making something out of nothing, and that a great number of incidents have always been the refuge of poets whose genius was neither powerful nor rich enough to fix the attention of the spectators through five acts upon a simple action, sustained by the violence of passions, the beauty of sentiments and the elegance of expressions."

Does not Racine seem to have summed up in these few words the whole system of his tragedy? Assuredly another ideal may be dreamt of or preferred; but as simplicity ought always to be an essential element of beauty, we may prudently wait to change our judgment till greater masterpieces than his have proved that he was wrong. The unfortunate princess, who had provoked that poetical duel, did not witness the fight: her tragic end left for other judges to decide the contest. But the issue could not be doubtful, and therefore Corneille's friends, irritated by their defeat, conspired the more ardently against "Bajazet" which came out one year after "Bérénice." But let those who accuse Racine of having altered characters carefully study Roxane and Acomat; let those who find fault with the plot and some of the situations read that remarkable play through; and if they persist in their censures, we have but to pity them for being insensible to such delicate beauties.

"Mithridate," which succeeded "Bajazet" was still more successful, and with good reason, owing to the winning grace of *Monime*, the heroic virtue of *Xipharès*, and the imposing greatness of *Mithridates*. Voltaire says that this was the

favorite play of Charles XII, king of Sweden, because he perhaps compared himself with the king of Pontus. But Voltaire, a more competent judge than Charles XII, regarded "Iphigénie en Aulide" as the masterpiece of the French theatre. We do not believe that he meant what he said, unless he wished us to think that the best work produced by Racine was due less to his own genius than to the inspiration of Euripides. However that may be, Racine, by his original imitation, had undoubtedly excited the jealousy of the sceptical philosopher. It may be mentioned that Voltaire had been preceded in that field of sarcastic eulogy by two poets, Leclerc and Coras, who wrote another tragedy on the same subject? But to-day their work is buried in oblivion, and nothing remains of it save this epigram of Racine himself:

Entre Leclerc et son Coras,
Deux grands auteurs rimant de compagnie,
N'a pas long temps, s'ourdirent grands débats
Sur le propos de leur Iphigénie.
Coras lui dit: La pièce est de mon crû.
Leclerc répond: Elle est mienne et non vôtre.
Mais aussitôt que la pièce eut paru,
Plus n'ont voulu l'avoir fait l'un ni l'autre.

The tragedy was the occasion of the epigram: this is its only merit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cobwebs.

BY D. C. BREWER.

Who has not seen a spider's web? Who has not, with interest, watched the spider build around himself a dwelling-place? Connecting his silvery threads, now to a rafter, now to the wall, in many ways he is like a farmer, who by his industry sees his humble tract of land grow to a prosperous, beautiful and happy home.

The spider is provided with the power to make very thin threads resembling in color fine silk or thin spun glass. Of these threads he forms his web for the purpose of taking his prey—as flies, gnats and other small insects. To make the web, he first fastens his thread at both ends in a convenient place, usually drawing it tight. He then connects another thread near, and running it across the first, forming a letter X. When two more lines are crossed in a similar manner he has his framework. Then, connecting his thread at the centre, he works from line to line toward the outer edge, and fastening to each. In this manner he forms a net composed of numerous circles which decrease in diameter

toward the centre, all being at no great distance from the window of their double-bedded room. "The old apart."

These webs differ much in shape. Some have been found in the shape of squares, though the usual form is circular. Those having a triangular shape are not uncommon, especially where found in the corners of a room. In this country, cobwebs which are larger than an ordinary dinner plate, are rarely seen. Travellers tell us of having seen webs which were three, four, and even five times as large; but this is something very uncommon indeed. They differ in strength, according to the size of the builder; for it is plain that a spider whose body is an inch in length must needs have a stronger web than one whose body is not larger than a bean. Like a coat, they are made to fit the wearer.

Connected to the web, or near it, the maker has a place where he lies in wait for any unfortunate insect that may venture near. When one does come, he springs upon it, and drags it to the web where it is immediately entangled among the innumerable threads. Thus the lordly spider employs his castle. In every country and in every clime we behold the work of the spider. Along the banks of the lakes and rivers, suspended from the topmost branches of the oak, or shaken by the breeze as it whispers to the rocks.

We view them whether hung up in the garrets of deserted ruins, or whether resting quietly in some unknown cavern. They may be found whether at the icy poles, or the forests of the equator; whether trampled under the foot of the kangaroo, or broken by the elk of the Rockies. In the springtime, the busy housewife brushes them from unused closets; in the warm June days, the weary wanderer treads them down as he moves toward his journey's end; the frisky winds of December shake and shatter, and the snows of February bear and break them down.

The spider's web may ever be seen; be it as a silken veil, keeping from inquisitive eyes the mysteries of some cave or cavern; be it hung between the heavens and earth, or be it creeping on the earth.

An Improvised Crown.

Some few years ago, a couple of young Englishmen, on a walking tour through Brittany, arrived at Dinan late in the evening and put up at an inn fronting the market square, where stands the statue of the great Du Guesclin. "Who's that?" said one of the pair, pointing to the effigy, as they sat smoking their pipes at the

cock that gave us a jolly good hiding, and drove us clean out of France four or five hundred years ago," replied the other. "Let's return good for evil by providing him with a crown," said the first. "I'm game," said the second.

They did provide him with a bit of headgear, which at any rate resembled a crown in being round, but which looked more like a cotton nightcap, and still more like a pudding-basin, for which homely utensil it might easily have been mistaken in the moonlight from a certain point of view.

As the little town seemed wrapped in slumber when they undertook the feat, they flattered themselves that they had accomplished it unobserved. A mistake! A Dinanite, wrapped in a dressing-gown and a genuine nightcap, but not in slumber, had seen them in the act and watched them to their inn. This they discovered when at nine o'clock on the following morning they received a polite but pressing invitation to appear before the mayor and render an account of the extraordinary coronation which had thrown the whole town into an uproar from early dawn. Ushered into the presence of that dignitary, they found him, arrayed in his official robes, examining with an air of comical disgust the very peculiar diadem with which they had adorned the brow of the Breton warrior.

"Messieurs les Anglais," began the mayor, whose speech we take the liberty to translate, "I am aware that you belong to a nation noted for its eccentricities. But permit me to observe that it is hardly in accordance with the traditions of your race to insult the inhabitants of a friendly country while actually enjoying its hospitality. I must really call upon you to explain your conduct."

"Monsieur le Maire," replied the elder of the two tourists, in the best French at his command, "allow me to assure you that we were far from intending any insult to your gallant countrymen by last night's solemn ceremony. As Englishmen we naturally honor valor even in a victorious foe. And we felt that we ought not to neglect this golden opportunity of paying our tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious hero whom you and we alike delight to honor. That the article, which we employed in acquitting ourselves of our debt to departed greatness, was of common earthenware, not of gold, was our misfortune rather than our fault. We did our best under the circumstances by using the best symbolical circlet within our reach."

"Gentlemen" replied the civic chief of Dinan, "your explanation is perfectly satisfactory;

and it only remains for me to express a hope that the next time you feel inclined to pay a tribute of respect to the great Du Guesclin by crowning him with a symbolical circlet of this kind, you will be good enough to consult the susceptibilities of my fellow-townsmen by first knocking off—the handle.” B.

College Gossip.

—The first game of football in the country was played at New Haven in 1840 between two class teams.

—Fifty thousand dollars have been left as an endowment to establish a professorship of physical culture at Amherst.

—A tramp entered a Maine school, spelled down everybody, and then went on spelling all the hard words in the dictionary.

—The following endowments have been made recently: Lafayette College, \$10,000; Bowdoin, \$15,000; Williams, \$20,000; Rochester, 25,000; Syracuse University, \$30,000; Dartmouth, \$50,000; Wesleyan, \$50,000; Amherst, \$106,000; Oberlin, \$157,000; Sydney, \$500,000; Yale, \$1,000,000; Princeton, \$1,200,000.—*University Press*.

—Ann Arbor, Mich., claims the honor of originating the “He’s all right” yell. It has been known for many years among college men, though before last spring it had failed to attract a wider share of attention. When the delegates from the University of Michigan branch of the Michigan Club went down to the Republican banquet at Detroit in February they edified the gathering by the question, “What’s the matter with the U. of M.?” which elicited the equally threadbare response, “She’s all right!” The cry was taken to the national convention at Chicago by the Michigan delegation, who applied it to General Alger, and since that time it has enjoyed a national reputation.—*Herald*.

—The salaries of the professors in the German universities are paid mainly from the public treasury of the state. They are somewhat higher than those allowed American teachers. Although the University at Leipzig is the wealthiest University in Germany, the income of its officers type those of all German Professors. Professor Zarncke writes: “The highest salary is about 3,500 thalers, but some of the professors are in receipt of gratuities in addition. Thus the *ordinarius* of the law faculty has an addition of at least 1000 thalers. . . . This does not include lecture fees, which in many cases must amount to 2000 or 3000 thalers. Accordingly, our best paid men cannot be in receipt of less than 7000 thalers. But this, to be sure, is a highly favored position. The minimum for an *ordinarius* is at present about 1000 thalers. Most of the *ordinarii* receive from 1800 to 2000 thalers. The average income of the *ordinarii* would be 2500 thalers.” But with these estimates it is to be remembered that the

cost of living in Germany is about one-half as great as the cost of living in many American college towns.

—The Board of Directors of the Catholic University met at Baltimore on the 13th inst., and elected the Rev. P. J. Garrigan of Fitchburg, Mass., Vice-Rector of the university. The Rector, Bishop Keane, was instructed to proceed at once to Rome, and submit the plans and statutes of the institution to the Pope for his approval. Bishop Keane will sail on Saturday the 17th from New York on *La Gascogne*, and expects to be absent four months. On his return he will visit the far West in the interest of the university. He states that by Jan. 1, 1889, \$1,000,000 will have been pledged, which will be sufficient to perpetually endow the divinity college. The other branches will be taken up in the future. The question of the divinity library was discussed, and a special committee, of which Archbishop Corrigan of New York is chairman, was placed in charge of the matter. Vice-Rector Garrigan will at once take up his residence in Washington, and devote his entire time to the completion of the university. While abroad, Bishop Keane will consult with prominent men in all branches of learning in reference to the corps of professors that will be needed.

VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP JANSSENS TO ST. ISIDORE'S COLLEGE, NEW ORLEANS.

On Monday, Nov. 5, the Faculty and students of St. Isidore's were highly complimented by a visit from his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop. About noon his Grace arrived at the College, accompanied by Rev. Father Dubourg and Rev. J. Scherer, C. S. C., President of the College. He was ushered into the spacious exhibition hall, where addresses in English, French and German were read by the pupils. Some select pieces of music were performed on the piano, violin and cornet. The Archbishop was much pleased, especially with his country's national air played on the cornet by Mr. P. Hartsheim, who spoke with his Grace in his native tongue. All being ended, the Archbishop arose and thanked both professors and pupils for the reception given him, and the beautiful addresses in which they expressed their love and veneration for him. At the conclusion the College Band played some pleasing airs.

All then repaired to the refectory, where a splendid dinner was enjoyed. Dinner being over, the Archbishop, together with the professors, assembled and seated themselves to have their portraits taken by one of the college professors who has become very skilful in the art of photography. The picture taken is a beautiful representation of his Grace and of the Faculty of St. Isidore's College.

The Archbishop then gave his parting blessing, and returned home leaving all impressed with his first visit to St. Isidore's College which will not be forgotten for a long time to come.—*N. O. Morning Star*.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—We are glad to number among our recent exchanges the *College Echo*, published by the students of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. Our readers will remember the report, published a few weeks ago, of the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone of a new collegiate building in connection with the Institution. In the masterly oration delivered on the occasion by the Hon. J. M. Moore, Secretary of State for Texas, which was given substantially, a great tribute of praise was paid to the college paper, the first number of which had appeared but a short time before. The praise so justly merited by its inaugural number has been well sustained by the subsequent numbers that have come to us. To our mind, from the very outset, it has taken a leading position among the papers of the college world. Its name has been aptly

chosen. It bids fair to be a real *echo* of the advancing strides of a rapidly progressive institution, which the people of the South and Southwest will learn to love in proportion as it is better known. We welcome the *Echo*, and we hope to have the pleasure of often greeting it.

—We are pleased to note the good work being done by the literary societies, and trust that every student, whether Senior, or Junior, realizes that he owes it, as a duty to himself, to become a member of one of these associations. It is in these that he can acquire a fluency of speech, a quickness of thought and a grace of diction by delivering orations and declamations, by the writing and reading of essays, by debate and extemporaneous speaking. At college is the time and place to learn that self-control and courage necessary to face an audience in public life, and the societies here afford every opportunity for one desirous of obtaining proficiency in this most important element of education. The societies, too, should not follow in the old paths of their predecessors. Let them branch out with something new and original; let them discuss the leading questions and topics of the day, and let their programmes be varied and attractive. In years gone by we have had cause to lament the fact that our societies were behind the times, and their meetings dull and listless. There is no need of that now, and we are happy to state that new life seems to have been infused into them; each society has been quite successful thus far this session, and there are bright prospects ahead. We hope the good reports thus far received will be continued for the rest of the year—they certainly will if each society man does his duty.

Oratory.

There is no study so necessary for American youth as oratory. There is in our country no following in life in which man who has attained any excellence in this branch may not rise; there is scarcely any young man of education, be he a lawyer, doctor or merchant, but is at some time or other in his life called upon to address his fellow-citizens. Opportunities for speech-making present themselves to men on all occasions. Public assemblies are an everyday occurrence; benevolent or other societies meet frequently; and at all these, as a matter of course, those lead and rule who are the most

experienced in oratory. It follows, then, as a necessary consequence, that every young man ought to devote himself to the study of eloquence more than to any other of what are called the special studies. It will be of more use to him than any other branch, and enable him to take his place with honor among his fellow-citizens. More especially will it be of service to those who intend to follow the learned professions, for more occasions present themselves to them in which to make use of it; indeed, no professional man, unless perhaps the physician, can successfully follow his profession without it.

Hard study is, of course, necessary to make the orator. He must make use of all means in order to obtain such a fund of knowledge as will enable him to speak with credit on the subjects that may present themselves to him. He must acquire habits of application and industry. It is not by a few years' study, nor by studies at intervals, that the orator is made. Industry, continued and earnest work, the habit of work, is necessary to one who would excel. All the enthusiasm of man will not make the orator if he be wanting in these. But besides this habit of industry, the orator must have practice before he enters upon his career. The student acquires the knowledge of the principles of the art from his professors; he obtains a readiness in composition by his frequent writing for class, but he must have practice not only in *composing* but also in *speaking*.

There are no better means of affording young men opportunities to develop their talent and acquire the habit of speaking than the literary societies which are established in the college. The society exercises not only conduce to knowledge and study by giving occasion to inquiries concerning those subjects which are made the ground of discussion—not only excite emulation and gradually accustom those who are connected with them to the proceedings of a public assembly,—but they give them a knowledge of their own powers; they give them opportunities of wearing away natural timidity and reserve, and give them a command of themselves in speaking. Moreover, they are the means of acquiring facility and fluency of expression, and assist them in cultivating that copiousness of speech which can be obtained by no other means than frequent exercise in speaking.

Everyone, then, who can obtain entrance to a literary society in the College, should not hesitate to do so, knowing full well that in it he will obtain practice in that noble art which has shed so much glory and renown upon the

names of Demosthenes and Cicero, and the many great orators of modern times. B.

Style.

We have, more than once, expressed the opinion that of all the newspapers in the United States the *New York Sun* easily holds the first place. Its editorials—a marked feature of the paper—always command attention by reason of their intrinsic literary worth, though the sentiments expressed may be distasteful to many in sympathy with its political expressions. We believe that the *Sun* is true to Jeffersonian principles, but it cannot be denied that it is merciless in the application thereof.

The *Sun* is a power in the political and the literary world. Its Sunday edition, apart from its news, always presents an equivalent to variety of reading produced by the ordinary magazine while the news is always fresh. The following observations on "Style," which appeared recently will be read with interest and profit:

"By common consent, Cardinal Newman is the great living master of a pure, idiomatic, luminous elegant English style. Mr. Matthew Arnold is also worthy to be classed in the same category. Mr. Thackeray wrote a style of inimitable beauty, terse, lucid, witty. Nathaniel Hawthorne had command of a wonderful vocabulary and a most suggestive and surprising style. He was also of excellent taste and felicity in the construction of his sentences. The late Dr. Ripley, so long the literary critic of the *Tribune*, wrote in a full, round, and informing style. Mr. George Bancroft, the historian of the United States, employs an animated, picturesque, original, yet never redundant style. A beautiful style, simple, classic, unaffected, is that of the great Dr. Channing, who played so important a part in this country fifty years ago. His writing was replete with a high and unaffected, moral sentiment, the very reverse of the phariseism so often displayed by some modern writers. The noble style of John Fisk will repay study, and it is seen in its best estate in the 'Excursions of an Evolutionist.' Andrew Lang is master of an enviable style, as everyone will declare who knows his 'Letters to the Dead.' The style of Henry James is subtle, natural, and engaging. Robert Louis Stevenson employs a style that is sometimes uneven, but is often great.

"Among the newspaper writers of our own country and of the present day, perhaps the best style is that of Mr. Joseph O'Connor, the editor of the *Post-Express* of Rochester. It is terse, lucid, calm, argumentative, and without a trace of effort or affectation. The late Dr. Greeley was master of a purely American, racy, and individual style. In controversy especially

he used to let himself out with great effect. He had wit as well as humor.

"One of the most delightful newspaper writers we have ever known was the late Mr. James F. Shunk of Pennsylvania. He had not only wit, but imagination and feeling also. Every sentence bubbled over with jollity, and between his wit and imagination the balance was held even by a high intelligence. His death was a great loss to the profession which he adorned without being known, and enriched without leaving a monument. The elder Mr. Bennett had an extraordinary style, audacious, witty, cunning, reckless, full of grim humor that amused even while it destroyed.

"As for the six works of contemporaneous interest which our correspondent inquires for, and which must also be models for a student of style, we will name the Bible, a book of eternal and therefore of contemporaneous interest; Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*; Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma'; William Ellery Channing's essay on 'Napoleon Bonaparte'; Daniel Webster's speech in reply to Hayne, and Lincoln's speech on the 'Gettysburg Battlefield.' We do not mention these six productions as all comparable in importance, but as similar in elevation, grandeur, originality, and beauty of expression, and as alike indispensable to every English-writing student who would seek to cultivate that last and most delightful perfection of literary art—a chastened, elegant, pregnant, fresh, imaginative, and fascinating style."

Books and Periodicals.

—We have received from the Compiler and Publisher, C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y., "The Song Century; A Collection of Standard Songs for School and Home." These songs include the most popular productions of the day, and their value is supplemented by a number of graceful exercises adapted to the school-room.

—*The Penman's Art Journal*, 205 Broadway, New York City, offers thirteen prizes in cash and standard works amounting to \$84.00, for various essays and penmanship specimens. The full particulars of the interesting competition will be found in the November issue of that publication, which may be had for ten cents a copy. The competition closes December 10. Here is an opportunity for our energetic young men and women which does not occur every day. It certainly speaks well for the enterprise of this standard penmanship periodical. Apart from the money consideration, there is an excellent chance to make a reputation. The question so often asked, who is the best writer? Who is the best flourisher? may now be settled in an eminently practical way.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* opens its October issue with a timely article

from the pen of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on "The Relative Influence of Paganism and Christianity on Human Slavery." The article first sketches the universality of slavery at the dawn of Christendom, its horrible cruelty and its demoralizing effects upon all classes of society. It then shows how the Church, without violently disturbing or attempting to suddenly revolutionize the social relations, gradually softened the rigors of slavery, imposed limitations and eventually eliminated it from Christian Europe; denounced the slave trade, and through the influence of the principles she inculcated, succeeded in causing its abolition in all Christian countries. The second article is on "The Myths of the Dark Ages," by Prof. Charles G. Hebermann, Ph. D., in which the writer clearly shows that a knowledge of history would effectually explode the "myths," and refute the falsehoods that have been systematically reiterated respecting the Church during the so-called "Dark Ages." Mr. Arthur F. Marshall contributes an article on "The London Poor," and his remarks might be truthfully applied to the poor of our own large cities. It is a paper worthy of careful reading by all who are interested in the condition of the laboring classes of society. "The Diocese of Quebec under Early British Rule," is treated by D. A. Sullivan, LL. D., who elucidates many important and interesting historical subjects in connection with the Church in Canada. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly contributes a paper on "The Centennial Remembrance of the French Revolution." It is a graphic description of the Revolution and the real motives of its most active agents. Dr. John Gilmary Shea writes on "Wanted—A New Text-Book." The writer speaks of the rapid increase of parochial schools, the subjects that should be taught in them, and the need of proper text-books. He points out the urgent need of instructing pupils in the subjects which directly pertain to their rights and duties as citizens, embracing a knowledge of the Constitution of the United States and of the State in which the pupils reside, of the different departments of our Government, how they are composed, their respective objects and functions and kindred subjects. Other articles are: "Angels and Ministers of Grace"; "The Suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV"; "Religion and the Messiah," etc.

Local Items.

- When will we have a natatorium?
- Company "C" has a good membership.
- Melady's team won Tuesday's football game.
- It looks as though navigation was closed.
- An addition has been made to the bakery.
- It wasn't a whip-poor-will, it was the "whang-doodle."
- William Patterson has entered the Law department.

—Everybody should go to the Glee Club entertainment.

—After an absence of a week the poet has resumed law.

—Brookfield says he was the first to hear the "whangdoodle."

—The Albion Football Team will probably play here Thanksgiving Day.

—The old frame boat house will probably be moved to a more desirable spot.

—Mr. Frank Fehr was called home early this week by the serious illness of a relative.

—The morning hour in the Law department is now devoted to the study of criminal law.

—Will some one please reorganize the band? We have been doing it so long we're tired of it.

—The last bluejay of the season was seen last Saturday. Other "jays" will be with us right along.

—What's the matter with two or three fire-escapes for Sorin Hall? They would be extremely convenient.

—"No great loss without some small gain," said the Democrats while enjoying Republican "rec" Tuesday afternoon.

—Everybody should attend the Glee Club entertainment to be given for the benefit of the Football Association.

—The most curious conjecture in regard to the "whangdoodle" was that of the one who thought at first that it was a turkey gobbler near the shoe shop.

—As the Boston girl says, "everything is once more amiable," and the fowl, whose cackling was the salvation of Rome, is suspended in an altitude hitherto unknown in our experience.

—The Democrats were prepared for most anything; but a feeling of disgust stole over them when they heard the screaming, shrieking notes of the "whangdoodle" wafted over from the neighboring city.

—The meeting of the Total Separation Society in the gym. was a success. From the Secretary's report handed us we learn that Melady was elected President, and Kerwin Secretary of the association. Speeches were made by prominent Seniors, and a meeting has been called for this evening.

—At the 5th regular meeting of the Sorin Association, held on Monday, the 13th inst., in the usual place, a lively debate was sustained by H. Mooney, M. Elkin, F. Parker, B. Bates, E. Lansing and Fanning. The President awarded special praise to the paper of M. Elkin. E. Lansing and J. Hagus were elected members.

—The Director of Bishops' Memorial Hall acknowledges the receipt of the episcopal ring worn by the first two bishops of Alton. The ring is of heavy gold with amethyst setting, and was presented by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Ryan, the present Bishop of Alton, who intends it to be a *souvenir* of his very pleasant visit to Notre Dame last

August on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father General.

—The seventh regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held Saturday evening, Nov. 10. Mr. H. McAllister read a well-written criticism on the last meeting. Mr. J. McAuliffe then favored the Society with a "select reading." The event of the evening, the debate, "Resolved, that a Man's Influence Depends more upon his Education than upon his Wealth," followed. Messrs. Sawkins, Campbell and Kerwin argued on the affirmative, and Messrs. Hepburn, Welch and Brennan upheld the negative side of the question. The judges decided that the negative had the best of the argument. After a programme for the next meeting had been arranged the members adjourned.

—Monday evening, Nov. 12, the members of the Law class assembled in the University Law Library for the purpose of reorganizing their debating society. After calling the meeting to order, and appointment of temporary officers, the constitution of last year's society was duly proposed and adopted, with the same society name—"The Law Debating Society." The election of officers immediately followed as is here stated. Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; President, Prof. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, E. Chacon; 2d Vice-President, Sylvester Hummer; Corresponding Secretary, H. S. Smith; Recording Secretary, F. Long; Critic, J. V. O'Donnell; Treasurer, R. C. Pollock; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. H. J. Tiernan.

—We are pleased to announce that the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston will visit here next Thursday afternoon and give a concert in Washington Hall. The club is composed of the following artists: Herr Wilhelm Ohliger, Solo Violin and Concert Master; Mr. Manassa Adler, Solo Violin; Mr. Thomas Ryan, Solo Clarinette and Viola; Herr Fritz Schlachter, Viola and Violoncello; Herr Anton Hekking, Solo Violoncellist.

The Programme is as follows:

PART FIRST.

Quintette in E flat—Allegro vivace, - - - *Mayseder*
Fantaisie Caractéristique for Violoncello, - - - *Servais*
Herr Anton Hekking.
Quartette in E. Minor, Op. 44. - - - *Mendelssohn*
Allegro brillante-Scherzo.

PART SECOND.

Fantaisie for Clarinette, - - - *Baermann*
Mr. Thomas Ryan.
Introduction and Rondo Capricciosa for Violin, *St. Saens*
Herr Wilhelm Ohliger.
Pieces for Violoncello, { *a* Air, - - - *Bach*
 { *b* Butterfly, - - - *Popper*
Herr Anton Hekking.
Finale from the Quintette in C, - - - *Franz Schubert*

—The entertainment for the benefit of the Rugby Association should be well patronized. Anything that will promote an interest in athletic sports should be encouraged. We might follow an example set by some of the eastern colleges where the students pay a small admission fee to witness football and baseball games

with other institutions. In addition to this at Cornell between three and four hundred dollars have been raised by subscription to aid the football eleven. Let us give our athletic organizations financial as well as moral support, and not hang on to every quarter till the eagle screams.

The Senior and Junior Law classes met Monday evening and reorganized the University Moot-court. The following officers were elected: Judge, Prof. Wm. Hoynes; Prosecuting Attorney, D. Brewer; Assistant-Prosecuting Attorney, J. V. O'Donnell; Clerk, S. Hummer; Sheriff, T. Brady; Deputy Sheriff, J. Gallagher. It was decided to hold a debate every Wednesday evening, and a Moot-court every Saturday night. The subject for a debate next Wednesday will be: "Resolved, that a Strong Central Government is more Conducive to the General Welfare than a Weak Popular one." The disputants will be Messrs. Pollock, Brady, Brewer, Hermann, Chacon, Hummer, Dwyer and Gallagher.

—The people of Notre Dame were surprised a few evenings ago by an unearthly sound which resembled a prolonged howl, and seemed to say "he's all right." It was at first difficult to locate the noise. The Senior gym. faculty thought it issued from the gymnasium, and he could not be induced to open the doors until accompanied by several of the boys. One of the graduates thought somebody below his window was trying to interrupt his studies, and he waxed wrath. Others thought it was the steam; some ascribed it to the wind, and a party from the Manual Labor School went over and investigated the new collegiate hall. It was finally discovered to be in South Bend, where an inventive genius had contrived a sliding scale whistle which would say "he's all right" in tones that could be heard for several miles. It was used at the Republican jollification in South Bend Wednesday night, and is known as a "whangdoodle." It was attached to a portable engine at the Studebaker works, and carried 80 pounds of steam.

—The Republicans met in the gymnasium Tuesday afternoon to ratify the election of their candidates, Harrison and Morton. A platform had been erected on the east side of the hall. It was put up hastily and consisted of a number of planks placed upon barrels. A Prohibitionist remarked that this was to represent the free-whiskey proclivities of the party. This was only sarcasm, however. The Committee on arrangements had appointed Mr. F. L. Jewett chairman, and promptly at 4 p. m. he mounted the rostrum, accompanied by the prominent representatives of the party. After explaining the object of the gathering, the chairman called for music, and the quartette in response sang a parody on the Prohibition campaign song "Where Cumming threw the Rye." This was followed by a comic recitation by E. Göke, beginning "Of all sad words of modern lore, the saddest are these Grover won't hold o'er." Mr. V. E. Morrison

was then called upon and spoke briefly. His talk was confined mostly to the tariff, and he thought the present protective system was most beneficial. Some Democrats who had strolled in to take in the proceedings began to ask the speaker questions which so confused him that he was obliged to succumb and sit down. The Democrats cheered, and the Prohibitionist smiled sweetly. Mr. Jewett then introduced Mr. Ray C. Pollock as the principal speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Pollock began by eulogizing the party of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield. He praised the principles of the party as conducive to the best interests and welfare of the country. He criticised the present administration, and thought the change would be a most salutary one. The audience by this time had become quite large, owing to the fact of the college restaurant just being opened in the immediate vicinity, and the influx of Democrats, who were wondering at their opponents' display of nerve in attempting to get up a meeting without their consent. It was no surprise, then, that there was a cry of "he's all right!" when some one with powerful lungs asked "what was the matter with Cleveland." Mr. Pollock attempted to go on, but the crowd cried for more singing, and the quartette came forward with "Good bye, poor Grover, good bye." They couldn't have made a worse move, for they had barely rendered one verse when things began to look ominous: the supports of the platform began to be torn away. Seeing that there was a disaster impending, those seated on the structure came down hurriedly, and the meeting adjourned *sine die* amidst triumphant yells from the Jacksonians. Thus ended the ratification. It wasn't a howling success, but the originators said it was "better than nothing at all," and it furnished fun while it lasted, and caused no feeling of ill-will.

—As soon as the result of the election was definitely ascertained, the SCHOLASTIC reporter interviewed leading members of the school in order to find what the general opinion of the students might be in regard to the recent event of such national importance. We give herewith the substance of a few of these interviews:

R. C. POLLOCK:—"Yes, I am delighted. The election was just right. You will see me sporting a few new hats this year. The Democrats are pretty sick."

HOMER BRELSFORD:—"Grover, crushed to earth, will rise again and lead us to victory in '92."

D. E. DWYER:—"I can't imagine what got into the people. Why they should prefer the iniquitous high 'protective' system to a low tariff which would benefit the whole country is beyond my comprehension. Yes, I believe many votes were purchased. Any man who would sell his vote should be disfranchised."

T. GEBEL:—"I am horror-struck at the corrupt means employed by the members of the g. o. p. to attain their ends. The Democrats are not

much better. You may say that I am for Fisk and Brooks."

V. E. MORRISON:—"The Republicans represented those principles of right and justice which were bound to prevail. The people did not want free trade. It would ruin our manufactories. Our infant industries must be protected."

E. PRUDHOMME:—"Really I am so busy with the football team I have had no time to devote to politics. A student should not think too much about them. Yes, I think the price of 'Old Judge' is too high."

"SELTZER WATER":—"The people of my country do not pay much attention to United States politics. Notre Dame is a fine place, and is a great favorite down where I came from."

F. FEHR:—"Yes, it's too bad, but there is no use of crying over spilt milk. I do not favor free whiskey. I think every man should pay for his whiskey, or let it alone."

J. MATTES:—"It's a national calamity! I am of the opinion that 'old crow' will remain the same as ever."

F. L. JEWETT:—"No, Christmas will not come on the Fourth of July, neither will the Democrats get in power again. I am for Carter Harrison every time."

H. SCHMITZ:—"I think some attention should be paid to the claims of the Equal Rights party. Fine weather, isn't it?"

J. HEPBURN:—"No, I did not vote. Yes, I wanted to. Believed it was my duty. Is navigation truly closed?"

W. PATTERSON:—"Have you any 'old judge' about you? Yes, I was for the grand old Roman. No, I am not going over to Sorin Hall. Are you? When will the boys move over? There are a few Democrats in the yard. Do you know who tore down the fence? The SCHOLASTIC seems to know everything. We'll win four years from now."

E. BROOKFIELD:—"Yes, the whangdoodle frightened the wits out of me. Who said I voted for Fisk? Please deny that in your paper. I am gym. faculty now. It's a big snap."

—A TALE OF A GORILLA.—A horrible tale comes to us from across the waters—one which might contain a warning to those disposed to imbibe too freely of that which "exhilarates and drives dull care away." On the banks of the picturesque Gaboon in Africa there dwelt a gorilla. He was a healthy, every-day sort of an ape, right in the flush (beats "two pair") of monkeyhood, full of fun and fond of sport. Caverly's lines might well have been applied to this dweller on the Gaboon:

"There he quaffed the undefiled
Spring, or hung with ape-like glee
By his teeth or tail or eyelid,
To the slippery mango tree;

"There he wooed and won a dusky
Bride, of instincts like his own;
Talked of love till he was husky
In a tongue to us unknown.

"Side by side 'twas theirs to ravage
The potato-ground, or cut
Down the unsuspecting savage
With the well-aimed cocoa-nut."

Not long since some English sailors, on a hunting expedition, chanced to wander along the Gaboon, and after many a stratagem and a great deal of trouble they succeeded in capturing his gorillaship. They bore him off triumphantly in a sack to their vessel, and shortly afterwards set sail for England. As they neared their native land their captive grew ill, and soon passed away to that bourne from whence no monkey has a return ticket. The sailors were in grief, for they had a sort of regard for their passenger, and they determined not to cast him overboard if it could possibly be prevented. There was a meeting in the forecabin; the men loved their grog, but they loved their gorilla more. So they decided to place the corpse in a barrel of rum, thinking to preserve it until they cast anchor at Liverpool, where they could make other disposition of the gorilla and possibly of the rum. On landing at the last-named city the barrel was opened, the rum drawn off, and what, gentle reader, had happened to that monkey? You could never guess it, but we will be generous and tell you, for we don't wish to keep all these good things to ourselves. That rum was actually so strong that it had eaten away all the gorilla's hair, and was fast consuming the flesh when discovered. Now, if this rum had such an awful effect on a tough gorilla, what would be the result if taken internally, unless the taker has a copper-lined inner man? We pause for a reply. But, young man, while we stop to pause, let us impress upon your mind a word of advice: Don't drink; or if you must, look not upon the wine cup when it contains such rum, for it stingeth like sixty, and consumeth even the hair of apes. *Verbum sap.*

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Akin, Amador, Alvarez, Ahlrichs, Bunker, Bombeck, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Bruggemann, Barnes, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, Blackman, Crabb, Cassidy, Crooker, Chacon, G. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Cavanagh, E. Coady, Chute, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Eyanson, J. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Ford, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, J. Galen, Gallagher, Hayes, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, Inks, Irwin, Jennings, Karasynski, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Lane, Lahey, Lozana, F. Long, L. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkn, McNally, Murphy, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Jno. McCarthy, McAuliff, J. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, R. Newton, O'Flaherty, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Pim, Paquette, Pollock, Prudhomme, Robinson, Rorke, Roberts, Richardson, Rothert, Stewart, R. Sullivan, Schmitz, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Toner, Tiernan, Watson, Younker, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Boyd, Bradley, Baltes, Bearinger, Bronson, Brown, Bryan, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, F. Connors, J. Connors, Ciarcoschi, J. Connolly, Chacon, E. Campbell, A. Campbell, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, D'Arcy, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Dunning, Dinkel, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, Foley, Green, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Heard, Hennessy, Ibold, Irwin, Jewett, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Kellner, Kearns, Lamon, Louisell, Lenhoff, Moncada, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, McNulty, Merz, McPhee, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McIvers, McGrath, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockels, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, O'Mara, O'Donnell, P. O'Brian, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. Roth, I. Rose, S. Rose, Reinhard, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, Schultze, Sutter, Sullivan, Spalding, Shear, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Smith, Silver, Savage, Talbot, Toolen, Tedard, Wright, J. Walsh, A. Welch, Weitzel, Wile, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks, Young, Healy, Hoffman, McMahon, Blumenthal.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, E. Bryan, Bearinger, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, Crane, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Dunn, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, C. Franche, G. Franche, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, A. Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hinds, Hedenbergh, Haddican, Hill, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Loneragan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, McCarthy, Miller, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, Rea, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, Witkowski, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

J. Kinsella, R. McNally, I. Bunker, B. Freeman, A. Karasynski, J. Bombeck, H. Draper, E. Stuart, H. Murphy, H. Crabb, A. O'Flaherty, J. Crooker, J. Bretz, J. Foster, H. Robinson, J. Burns, M. Louisell, L. Paquette, E. Blessington, H. Woods, F. Gungermann, J. O'Shea, R. Velasco, J. Lozana, J. Lesner, F. Lane, J. Schmitz, H. Steiger, J. Fleming, R. Zeller, L. Hermann, C. Amador, P. Hempler, F. Kelly, J. McWilliams, I. Waixel, F. Webb, J. Cunningham, W. Johnson, L. Davis, M. Quinlan, T. Mahon, S. Cleary, T. Cleary, A. Neef, F. Sheehan, B. Hesse, M. Peters, E. Schultze, J. Walsh, W. Bates, J. Howard, J. Allen, G. Weitzel, W. Stanton, J. King, A. Welch, C. Hinckley, J. Connors, J. McGrath, J. Ayer, C. Priestly, O. Ibold, R. Boyd, J. McMahon, W. Covert, J. O'Mara, C. Heard, L. Dempsey, J. Bradley, R. Irwin, C. Irwin, R. Healy, P. Healy, E. Roth, E. Baltes, G. Frei, W. Bailey, C. Fleming, L. Kehoe, W. Rowsey, W. Bearinger, W. McDonnell, G. Elder, C. Fitzgerald, R. Palmer, W. Willien, T. Foley, W. Brown, R. Clendenin, F. Chute, P. Wood, P. Bryan, M. Smith, J. Kearns, W. Young, W. Hannin, J. Dupn.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions which are held monthly.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—S. Hummer, L. Scherrer, H. Silver, G. Weitzel; *Greek*—John Desmond O'Shea; *Algebra*—W. O'Brien, J. O'Shea, J. Bombeck, I. Bunker, J. Mooney; *Arithmetic*—J. Crooker, H. Robinson, J. Kearns, C. Heard; *Grammar*—C. Fitzgerald, E. Schultze, P. Bryan, R. Irwin, F. Mainzer, M. Smith, C. Erwin, J. Cunningham, C. Heard, A. Neef, A. Welch, A. Ahlrichs, H. Robinson, C. Brown, W. Blackmann, H. Draper, J. Fleming, A. Irwin; *Reading*—H. Crabb, H. Robinson, B. Freeman; *Orthography*—B. Freeman; *Geography*—C. Heard, H. Woods; *United States History*—C. Heard, H. Woods; *Catechism*—E. Adams, J. Dunne, G. Elder, A. Heller, C. Sullivan, F. Toolen, A. Welch.

SPECIAL COURSES.

Christian Doctrine—C. Cavanagh, H. Wise, R. Adelsperger, J. Reinhart, A. Ahlrichs, E. Maurus, G. O'Brien, J. D. Mooney, C. Fitzgerald, R. Case, E. McIvers; *French*—John Cusack, T. Goebel; *German*—E. Maurus, A. Neef, M. Kerwin, J. Connors, I. Bunker; *Linear Drawing*—H. Jewett, M. Reynolds, F. Neef, H. Brannick; *Mechanical Drawing*—G. Jackson, J. Delaney, M. Dore, A. Leonard, J. Gallardo; *Figure Drawing*—O. Rothert, G. Lamon, Jno. McIntosh, W. McPhee; *Telegraphy*—Alfred Nicholl, M. Maloney; *Phonography*—P. Hempler, W. Akin, I. Bunker, E. Blessington, W. Campbell; *Type-Writing*—R. Boyd; *Elocution*—D. C. Brewer, J. McIntosh, J. Toner, E. Berry, C. Mooney.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Grammar—C. Koester, B. Bates, H. Mooney, F. Toolen, F. Evers, J. Seerey, L. Paul, J. Dempsey, J. O'Neill, I. Gregg, E. Lansing, J. Cudahy, C. Franche, E. Elkin, E. Falvey; *Arithmetic*—C. Koester, V. Kehoe, C. Franche, M. Elkin, J. Dempsey, J. Cudahy, C. McPhee, R. Webb, S. Bruel, H. Durand, H. Connelly, C. Kaye, H. Marx, P. Stephenson, W. Creedon, F. Dunn, J. Crane, F. McDonald, L. Stone, J. Kane, W. Foster, W. Hamilton, R. Kirk, H. Plautz, D. Goodwillie, F. Wever, T. Burns, W. Crawford, F. Bearinger, S. McGuire, Jas. Dungan; *Geography*—V. Kehoe, C. Franche, F. Webb, J. Dempsey, H. Mooney, B. Bates, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, I. Gregg, R. Hinds, E. Lansing, L. Rea, F. Dunn, J. Barbour, J. Kane; *Orthography*—J. Seerey, C. Franche, C. Connor, H. Connelly, E. Fanning, F. Evers, J. Cudahy, J. Snyder, L. Stone, W. Creedon, E. Falvey, W. Foster.

THE LITTLE STAMP COLLECTOR.

Three months ago he did not know
His lessons in geography;
Though he could spell and read quite well,
And cipher, too, he could not tell
The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange!
This stamp collecting passion
Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
And lists of names he now can reel
Off in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique.
Hegligoland, Bavaria,
Cashmere, Japan, Thibet, Soudan,
Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
Kharkof, Siam, Bulgaria,

Schleswig-Holstein: oh! boy of mine.
Genius without a teacher!
Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
Jelalabad and Kandahar,
Cabul, Deccan, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong Kongs,
A Rampoor, a Mauritius,
Greece, Borneo, Fernando Po,
And how much else no one can know;
But be, kind fates, propitious!

—St. Nicholas.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. Father Zahm favored the young ladies on the 8th by presenting stereoscopic views of the Holy Land.

—The Book-Keeping classes are manifesting great interest, as was shown in a competition held in the second class lately.

—Rev. Father Hudson, C. S. C., celebrated High Mass on Sunday last and delivered a most touching sermon on "Devotion to the Holy Souls."

—Sincere thanks are returned to Very Rev. Father General for copies of a "Novena for the Souls in Purgatory." All the Catholic pupils were favored with them.

—The first number of the *Chimes* appeared on Sunday last, edited by the Second Seniors. The readers were K. Hurley and M. Fursman. The paper was bright and interesting.

—The Third Seniors had a competition in Natural Philosophy last Friday. The captains were the Misses De Montcourt and Griffith; it was one of the best and most interesting contests yet held.

Treasures.

Everyone, no doubt, has experienced the pleasure of a visit to friends, and knows that after the first greetings have been spoken, if our friends be of the hospitable kind, they spare no pains to render our visit a pleasant one. Every means of entertaining is employed, not the least agreeable being that of inviting us to view their "household gods," as the ancients called them, or as they are now commonly termed—treasures. A treasure may be defined as an object highly prized, either from its own intrinsic value, or from the associations connected with it. But this little word treasure is applied to many different objects, giving rise to several classes, of which the principal are as follows: treasures of gold, silver, diamonds and pearls; treasures of knowledge and wisdom, and treasures of virtue. Gold, as we all know, is the most precious of metals, ranking first in beauty, and is applied to innumerable purposes, to which are attached much importance. Together with silver it is used in the fabrication of various kinds of goods, and forms the most valuable portion of the circulating medium of almost every country.

While lovers of the beautiful exist, diamonds

must continue to be held in high esteem, and distinguished as the most beautiful of precious stones, though scarcely more lovely than the pale and delicate pearl. In considering the beauty and value of the above-named treasures, we are convinced of their real importance, if we judge only from the toil undergone in procuring them. Let us consider this point in the instance of the pearl; we are assured of its high rank among the precious stones when we are told that every year, beginning about the month of March, the divers, natives of Brazil, risking all the dangers of the sea, descend to its depths forty and fifty times a day for the purpose of securing these treasures.

The path of the seeker after gold is by no means a pleasant one. He leaves his home and friends, penetrates the wilderness of the far West, living in a tent or in a rude hut, often without the necessities of life, and perhaps, notwithstanding his toil, fails to secure the treasure he is seeking.

He whose object is to obtain the treasure gold, must be prepared for great labor; for if it be by river mining that he hopes to secure it, the current of the stream must first be turned aside and sluices erected in its bed for washing the soil there accumulated; while in beach mining the sands must be explored and certain portions of them, which are found yielding a sufficient amount of gold, transported to some new stream and there subjected to the washing process. Besides these are hill and bank minings, where the same amount of trouble must necessarily be undergone before the miner's hopes are realized. Attended with equal difficulties is the lot of him who would reap a harvest of diamonds, for the diamond seeker must tread the hot sands of Brazil in pursuit of his coveted prize, and when found, it may be no more in outward appearance than an ordinary pebble from the road-side; but when later it comes from the hands of the lapidary, then we have the beautiful diamond.

The treasures of knowledge require even greater labor in their attainment than do the treasures above enumerated; but once secured, they far surpass the former in the pleasures they afford the possessor. The benefits conferred upon mankind by knowledge can hardly be overrated, and in proportion as the people of a country are advanced in knowledge, so will be their civilization. For, as a rule, knowledge elevates the character, diminishes suffering, improves health, and in fact raises man in the scale of existence. Obtained only by hard labor, and through sacrifices of pleasures, etc.,

they are in the end, treasures that far outweigh in value the most precious of metals or stones—treasures which thieves cannot steal.

Finally, one cannot begin too early to cultivate the moral qualities, for the treasures of virtue are obtained only by long strivings to gain the victory over oneself, by unselfishness, by reducing the golden rule to practice, and above all, by self-sacrifice. The advantages derived from the possession of material treasures are great indeed; they not only please the eye by their beauty, or perhaps endear themselves to their owners by the pleasing or sad memories connected with them, but they are yet of only temporary value and liable to be snatched from us at any time by adverse fortune. Not so with treasures of virtue. He who seeks to amass the latter, shows true wisdom, for at the hour when he loses his hold on material treasures, and all his knowledge avails him nothing, then will his soul go forth worthily adorned with the treasures of virtue.

SADIE CAMPEAU,
First Senior Class.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, E. Balch, Barry, Bates, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, Campeau, Cleaveland, Currier, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, M. Coll, Cohn, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, Daube, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, N. Davis, English, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Fox, Flitner, Gavan, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, A. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hepburn, Harmes, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Irwin, Kingsbury, Koepplinger, A. Keeney, Koopman, Lawrence, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, L. McNamara, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, Nicholas, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Paul, Penburthy, Quill, Quealey, Reidinger, Robinson, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Simpson, B. Smith, Schiltz, Taylor, Thayer, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, Wright, Waterbury, Waixel, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, Churchill, A. Cooper, Cooke, Crane, Campbell, M. Davis, Dexter, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Göke, Griffith, Johns, Kloth, Lauth, Marks, M. McHugh, Miller, M. McPhee, McGuire, Northam, Papin, Patrick, Pugsley, Patier, Quealey, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, Burns, Crandell, B. Davis, Moore, M. McHugh, Papin, S. Smyth, Scherrer.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss H. Guise.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1ST COURSE—Misses M. Rend, L. Van Horn.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss A. Reidinger.

2D CLASS—Misses J. Dority, E. Flannery, O. O'Brien.

2D DIV.—Misses Barry, K. Gavan, M. Horner.

3D CLASS—Misses H. Coll, Ducey, L. Hillas.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, A. Donnelly, M. Hughes, C. Moran, M. Smith.

4TH CLASS—Misses Ansbach, J. Currier, J. Daube, L. Dolan, J. English, C. Hurley, N. Morse, M. Piper.

2D DIV.—Misses I. Bub, M. Clifford, M. Gibson, E. Healy, M. Yungblut, N. Linneen, E. Quealey, E. Wright, I. Stapleton.

5TH CLASS—Misses Bates, E. Balch, M. Beck, J. Bloom, E. Dempsey, M. Fitzpatrick, N. Gibson, F. Hertzog, M. Hull, M. McPhee, L. Meehan, A. Regan, G. Wehr.

2D DIV.—Misses Anson, T. Balch, M. Caren, M. Churchill, H. Cohn, A. Koopman, E. Lewis, F. Marley, L. Nelson, H. Nester, E. Nester, M. Papin, C. Prudhomme, M. Rinehart, J. Robinson, M. Schoellkopf, R. Slesinger, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, R. Van Mourick, W. Wurzburg.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. Andree, M. Burton, M. Campbell, Margaret Clifford, M. Coll, D. Davis, M. Flitner, J. Fox, A. Grace, A. Hammond, F. Kahn, C. Keeney, K. Johnson, M. McCune, M. McHugh, C. Miner, M. Northam, A. Penburthy, H. Pugsley, L. Reeves, G. Roberts, I. Schoellkopf, Mary Smith, K. Sweeney, L. Taylor, B. Wagner, Waixel, B. Webb, B. Bloom.

2D DIV.—Misses C. Beck, M. Burns, E. Burns, U. Bush, I. Cooke, C. Daly, E. Davis, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, L. Dreyer, C. Ernest, I. Hamilton, M. Geer, Harmes, A. Keeney, L. Koepplinger, L. Marks, K. McCarthy, A. O'Mara, L. Mercer, E. Norton, M. Patier, G. Rentfrow, A. Thirds, I. Zahm, E. Nicholas, M. Schiltz.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Ash, S. Brewer, J. Cleaveland, J. Connell, C. Dorsey, S. Göke, M. Hagus, M. Haight, B. Hepburn, M. Huber, M. Kelso, B. Kingsbury, J. Ledwith, M. Miller, C. Quealey, D. Spurgeon, B. Smith, R. Campbell, I. Canepa, M. Harriman.

2D DIV.—Misses F. Burdick, A. Cooper, L. Johns, E. Kaspar, C. Kloth, G. Papin, J. Patrick.

8TH CLASS—Misses K. Barry, M. Davis, M. Dexter, A. Maguire, F. Palmer, E. Regan, A. Rowley, M. Rose, J. Smith, N. Smith, L. McHugh.

9TH CLASS—Misses E. Cooper, B. Davis, V. Kelly, M. McHugh, M. Scherrer.

10TH CLASS—Misses E. Burns, P. Griffith, K. Moore.

HARP.

4TH CLASS—Miss L. Hillas.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Nester, L. Waterbury.

GUITAR.

4TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss M. Burton.

5TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses L. Griffith, B. Voechting.

6TH CLASS—Miss F. Marley.

VIOLIN.

Misses M. Fursman, H. Nester, L. Johns, H. Studebaker.

CORNET.

Miss J. Dority.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Gavan, H. Guise.

2D DIV.—Miss C. Moran.

2D DIV. 2D CLASS—Misses C. Dempsey, M. Barry.

3D CLASS—Misses B. Hellmann, L. Meehan.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Balch, I. Bub, J. Dority, F. Marley.

4TH CLASS—Misses F. Hertzog, L. Dolan, T. Balch, M. Fitzpatrick, E. Hamilton, O. O'Brien, G. Rentfrow, U. Bush, M. Piper, M. Horner, I. Horner, M. Linneen.

5TH CLASS—Misses L. Hillas, A. Grace, I. Webb, C. Prudhomme, J. English, C. Beck, E. Healy, K. Johnson, G. Wehr, M. Anson, H. Nester, L. Nester, C. Haight, M. Schiltz.